

# JOURNAL<sup>®</sup> 50¢

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THE SURPRISING  
"NEW" PAT NIXON  
MODELS  
SPRING FASHIONS**

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*The "New" Pat Nixon  
by Lenore Hershey  
Ladies' Home Journal Feb 72*



## MRS. NIXON IN THE NEW SPRING CLASSICS

America is having a love affair with the classics—everything from menswear suits to little shirtdresses are back. And not least among fans of the look is Mrs. Nixon, a woman who is never seen in anything except clothes by American designers ("I think they're tops in creativity," she says). On the next pages, the First Lady models six spring winners; her perfect size 8 figure makes her a modeling natural. The clothes are reminiscent only to a point—the interpretation is strictly 1972. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

The Complete Casuals, above—a soft pink chamois shirt-jacket, tucked in front, goes over pale tweed pants. A glen plaid shirt with stock tie adds a bit of pattern. By Bill Blass for Blassport.

Black and white layering, opposite—a buildup beginning with a small-scale check shirt. Added is a snug, knitted tank top with giant checks, a pair of low-waisted pants. By Kasper for J.L. Sport.

For more fashion and shopping information, see page 146. Hairstyles by Paul Mitchell of Henri Bendel.

*She looks prettier than ever. She seems more confident. And she's certainly more outspoken. Here's an intimate interview with the First Lady. By Lenore Hershey*

Have three years as First Lady changed Patricia Nixon? Will all those unflattering journalists' labels have to be tossed out as a new Pat, trusting her own capabilities more and more, emerges

from her shell to become an effective national and international ambassador on her own, and perhaps her husband's most potent political asset in 1972?

Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, even more warmly feminine in private than she is in public, denies that she's changed. But with a flash of ego strength, she says, "I'm always going to be young. I don't have time to be old," add-

ing with candor, "Do you realize I'll be sixty this March?"

But even this tightly reined woman finds it hard to gainsay the fact that life in the White House agrees with her. More and more, she is the relaxed, radiant, self-confident woman whom the nation glimpsed on TV at her daughter Tricia's wedding. The Washington press finds her still guarded and cautious, but less

given to push-button answers. Her January assignments to visit Liberia, Ghana and Africa's Ivory Coast—on her own, without the President—are proof that she is trusted enough to take on new responsibilities. White House staffers who confide their troubles to her claim that she is the most compassionate, accessible First Lady in history. Somehow, she *(continued on page 124)*

# THE "NEW" PAT NIXON



FOR AN EXCLUSIVE  
LOOK AT THE  
FIRST LADY -  
MODELING  
SURPRISING SPRING  
FASHIONS, PLEASE  
TURN THE PAGE





**T**hemenswear suit, left, last seen on the late show, is revived in black and white glen plaid. The updating includes a paisley twill shirt and grosgrain-outlined blazer. By Don Simonelli for Modelia

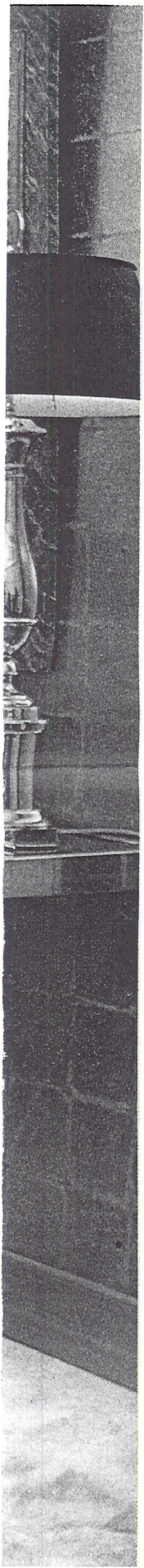
**A** shirt-dress, right, trying to pass as jumper and shirt. The bias-cut "jumper" uses one check, the "shirt" another—a mixing and matching of patterns that happens a lot this season. By Kasper for Joan Leslie.



**L**ong-sleeve evening dress, right, in two colors of matte jersey has a great graphic sense. It gathers at waist with its own rope sash. By Marie McCarthy for Larry Aldrich.

**O**pulent chinoiserie, far right, for grand evenings in lacquer-red silk organza with satin stripe overlay. The same fabric in brilliant jade accents long, draping sleeves and obi-like sashed waist. By Donald Brooks.







local office of the Retail Credit Company (the major investigator for insurance companies) to correct errors before they are reported. The agency may charge a "reasonable fee" for disclosure unless you have been refused credit, insurance or employment, in which case disclosure and notification must be provided free of charge.

What about information that is accurate, but extremely personal? For example, do you want potential employers to know about marital troubles you might have? No law limits the kinds of information that may be gathered and sold. No law gives you the right to consent to or refuse an investigation before it takes place.

All the Act requires is that an employer or insurance company that orders a "character" investigation must tell you about it. You are also entitled to know what it entails.

Unfortunately, you don't have to be told about the investigation until three days after it has been ordered. But there's nothing to prevent you from insisting on knowing whether there will be an investigation before you complete any business transaction. If you object to a probe of your personal life, protest to the company that ordered it.

If a reporting agency or company that orders an investigation fails to comply with the Act, you can file a civil suit with no ceiling on the amount of punitive damages you can collect. But neither changing the report nor collecting damages compensates for the harm a false report may have caused. You cannot sue a reporting agency for negligence unless you can prove malice, which is difficult. You can bring a defamation action against the sources who provided erroneous information.

Full protection for you, the consumer, should require not only the right to accuracy but also your prior consent to investigation and to dissemination of the information obtained. Your exercise of the rights already available to you will lead to greater recognition of the need for these additional safeguards against the growing "information industry." **END**

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**GRANDMOTHERS**

By Maureen Cannon

*Grandmothers are  
Sort of special, like jars  
For your grasshoppers, stars  
You make wishes on, bikes,  
And a best friend who likes  
You, and pencils, and ice  
Cream at parties. Mine's nice!*

always knows who in or around the White House is ill or has a family crisis—and somehow, she always does something to ease the burden.

"No matter what you think of her husband," says a woman who is a Democrat, "you've got to be happy for what looks like the emancipation of Pat Nixon. She worked hard all her mar-

me in and out first. "You're my guest." Under the pleasant manners, I sensed hidden sensitivities and sadnesses. Indeed, if you looked carefully, there were sometimes revealing flickers in those intense brown eyes. But I do not believe that any interviewer, however accepted or ruthless or lucky, will ever completely pierce the protective layers that make Pat Nixon seemingly unflappable, and one of the greatest question-parriers in the world.

it, being treated to a strawberry ice cream cone." When I ask what she considers her sweet-tooth supertreat, she explodes like a happy teen-ager: "A marshmallow sundae with vanilla ice cream!"

She discusses her reading, which is heavy on Administration reports and background material (she's a First Lady who does her homework), but includes *Eleanor and Franklin*, the book that exposes an earlier First Lady's hidden hurts. One feels that Pat Nixon would dearly like to chat about the book, but she cuts discussion off with a discreet, "They were such beloved people. It's interesting to learn the untold stories." Later in the conversation she tells me, "I don't like to gossip about people or to retell stories that are unflattering." This is why she turned down an offer to write a behind-the-scenes column for a newspaper syndicate, though she was offered a small fortune for it. "I know a lot, but you have to keep it to yourself when you're in this position."

**Unexpected question**

Was she consulted by the President on his decision to run for a second term? It is an unexpected question, since the President had not yet announced his candidacy. But Mrs. Nixon answered immediately. "We always took it for granted," she says. Can she imagine any set of circumstances that might make her try to persuade him not to run? "No," she responds firmly. "He has done such a magnificent job for this country, I can't think of any." Does she ever worry about violence and its threat to members of her family. "No," comes the answer again, "I don't worry about that."

Over and over she repeats that she likes to take a positive approach, that she lives day by day, never worrying about what is past, always looking toward tomorrow. She credits her parents with instilling this philosophy in her. They taught her, she says, "not to complain, to keep on the up-beat, to never call anything impossible."

Even the "empty nest" syndrome hasn't seemed to hit her. She seems genuinely delighted by both of her daughters' marriages. "I've gained two sons, which is what we always wanted. And we are lucky enough to see them often." But, she admits, the President "misses the girls dreadfully." She explains that Julie Eisenhower, fully recovered from a leg injury, is becoming more and more involved in White House and political activities while her husband David is away on his Navy duties. "Julie might run for something some day," Mrs. Nixon says later, and we have visions of another—this time female—President Eisenhower. For a moment, Mrs. Nixon seems to regret the statement, then, with her new as-

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ried life to help him get where he wanted to be. Now she's enjoying her own job. So she's going to work hard to make sure both of them stay there."

Sitting with Mrs. Nixon in the yellow sitting room of the White House's private quarters, I was aware of both delicacy and tenacity, of reserve and friendliness. In the elevator, there was a little waltz about who got in and got out first; I hung back, out of deference to her position. (Somehow, in the White House, I can always hear the strains of "Hail to the Chief" in my head.) "I don't worry about protocol," said Mrs. Nixon, charmingly, urging

She will not permit interviewers to use tape-recorders; she says they make her uncomfortable. But she is now secure enough in conversation to answer some questions spontaneously. We talk about growing older, and having married daughters, and her complexion (she still uses soap and water), and the advantages of sleeping in a cool, almost cold, room. We discuss food preferences, and somehow I mention ice cream. Her face lights up as she tells of her great passion for strawberry ice cream, and how she remembers "going down to the village with my father and, when he could afford

urance, decides to stick by it. She almost, but not quite, admits that if she were a young woman in today's world, she might think about getting into politics herself.

She obviously is aware that the President approves of the job she is doing as First Lady. She says he often calls her on the phone to compliment her on a task well done. He does not send her memos, however. "I'd be hurt if he did."

With a small display of vanity, Mrs. Nixon tells a story about the previous evening, after the state dinner held for India's Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi ("Strong woman," Mrs. Nixon said). A few people were invited up to the private quarters after the big party. Then, when only the family was left, the President said, "I thought Julie was the prettiest woman there tonight. After Mommy, of course." Pat Nixon told the story with delight. This was not a woman relishing a pleasant crumb from a busy husband. It was a woman who knew he was telling the truth.

She talks about mainland China, one of the few countries she hasn't yet visited, and Russia (she's been there but looks forward to revisiting it with the President in May). Mrs. Nixon had known from conversation with the President that he was going to China, even before he made the announcement on July 15. She knew she would go with him to Peking when Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger returned from his advance trip there in October. But she was not free to discuss it until November 30. In preparation for the trip, she's learning some Chinese phrases.

She and the President enjoy Chinese food and have White House chefs prepare it at least twice a month. Her favorite dish: chicken with walnuts. When she told me this, we immediately arranged for the JOURNAL to get the recipe from the White House chef Henry Haller. It was in our hands within the week. Meanwhile, the rest of the press managed to buzz around the edges of the story, printing other recipes from cookbooks, etc. The authentic White House recipe—and our food editor, Margaret Happel, says it's a great one—appears at the end of this story.

#### Doing a marvelous job

The private quarters of the White House look superb, as do the public rooms downstairs. As you enter the magnificent center hall of the private quarters, you see in the distance a pair of Chinese screens very similar to the one Mrs. Nixon is photographed against in the JOURNAL this month. Observers note that Mrs. Nixon has quietly and efficiently been doing a marvelous job of beautifying and restoring the White House. Working with the White House curator, Clement G. Conger, she personally searches out many of the rare, authentic American paintings and furnishings that are going into the restored rooms—all, of course, with the approval of the Committee on the Preservation of the White House. Private contributions, large and small, pay the bills. When asked about her achievements in this area, Mrs. Nixon says, "If you lived here for a thousand years, you couldn't get the job done. Do you know, some of the rooms hadn't been painted in ten years!"

I try to play a game with her and am promptly foiled. I bring up the

question of the mantel in the First Lady's bedroom, which bore the famous plaque installed by Mrs. John F. Kennedy before she moved out: "IN THIS ROOM LIVED JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY WITH HIS WIFE JACQUELINE DURING THE TWO YEARS, TEN MONTHS AND TWO DAYS HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES." We heard that the mantel had been changed. Was it true? Mrs. Nixon looked at us guilelessly. "Oh, yes," she said. "The Lautrobe mantel. But I can't take credit for that. The new one was ordered by Mrs. Johnson." When complimented on her decorating skill, Mrs. Nixon again permits herself a small measure of vanity. "I've always been interested in that kind of thing," she says. "At Bullock's Wilshire, I designed clothes and did displays. I've decorated many homes for people. I'm an honorary member of the National Society of Interior Decorators."

She leans on her experience throughout the interview, which took place in the middle of a typically hectic week. There had been the state dinner for Mrs. Gandhi, another for the Australian Prime Minister, William McMahon, (whose wife Sonia had caused a sensation in a dress that was slit thigh high), and another for Yugoslav President Tito and his wife.

It was a schedule to spin the wheels of a superdynamo, but Mrs. Nixon, the consummate campaigner, seemed fresh. I had glimpsed some of the same stubborn stamina the week before when, seemingly undetected by the press, she came to New York for two days of fashion modeling at the New York studios of photographer Otto Stupakoff. Despite a heavy cold, which left her with a bad cough, she was an easy, patient model who moved from sitting to sitting like a pro. The JOURNAL staff, of various political persuasions, was impressed by her lack of temperament, and, above all, by her no-nonsense desire to stick with a commitment, no matter how ill she felt.

Now, sitting across the room from her, who crossed her good-looking legs under the yellow chair as a lady's should be, I, too, was won over. But I still ached, like so many others, to get below the surface, to find the real Thelma Catherine Patricia Ryan Nixon, and perhaps to learn from the discovery. For in this perfect-on-the-surface, proper lady were intimations of a spunky little Irish girl, daughter of a Nevada miner turned California farmer, a child whose mother had died when she was 13, and who had carried on from there. She had worked her way diligently through a variety of jobs: secretary, X-ray technician, department store executive, teacher, movie extra and player in the Whittier Theatre Group. It was there that she took the female lead in a mystery drama, *The Dark Tower*. Her leading man: Richard M. Nixon, a young lawyer.

The rest is history—largely his history. But such a spirit surely could not be submerged forever in her relentlessly ambitious husband's career. True, all through his campaigns as Senator and Vice President, she was always



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beside him in her good Republican cloth coat: loyal wife, good mother, enduring handshaker. As the wife of the Vice President, she accompanied him to 53 countries. But after he lost the Presidential election in 1960 and the Governorship of California in 1962, there were those who said something had happened to Pat Nixon, that even her steely spirit was crushed at the time in a woman's life when she is perhaps most emotionally vulnerable.

#### The style evolves

Whatever it was, victory and activity have erased the memories. Her husband has his prize: the Presidency of the United States. And because the role of First Lady had been molded by her predecessors and by custom into a responsible charge, Pat Nixon has also been thrust into a challenge, one for which, fortunately, she was prepared. But she had to find her unique style: not Lady Bird's, not Jacqueline's, not Mamie's, but her own. Gradually, successfully, it is evolving.

When we asked, for example, how she was planning for her forthcoming trips to Africa, China and Russia, she reminded us that she already knows most of the world leaders on a first-name basis. ("I'd met Indira Gandhi at least twenty times before her last visit, for example.") She also indicated that

she's done some on-the-job training of some of the leaders' wives.

"I can't give you details about who and where," she said, "but I've taken some of those leaders' wives into places in their own countries they'd never visited before: hospitals and nurseries and marketplaces where they'd never seen the conditions. I remember one hospital where they had to collect rainwater for the operations." She also said that on more than one occasion she had been personally responsible for seeing that some medical equipment had been shipped to underprivileged hospitals and nurseries.

Travel, she admits, fascinates her. She has no fear of flying, even though she was once on a plane that lost an engine over the Sahara Desert, and on her recent trip to Peru to aid the 1970 earthquake victims, she rode into an outlying area in a windowless cargo plane, sitting on a kitchen chair without a seat belt.

She's been around the world six or seven times. The longest trip took place in 1953. It lasted 72 days and although she dressed for dinner almost every night, she got by with six evening dresses. (Meaning that she wore each gown about 12 times.)

Mrs. Nixon, a do-it-yourselfer, does not take a maid on trips—and does her own packing. "I have to." (continued)

she says. "I must know what I'm taking with me." She uses, as filling between her dresses, the plastic garment bags in which dry cleaners send back her clothes. She folds dresses once at the waistline. She likes fabrics that pack well and need no pressing. "I never bother to stuff clothes with tissue," she says.

She believes in traveling light. For example, she will often take just three pairs of shoes: a pair each for street wear, afternoon wear and evening wear. She usually travels with a bright-blue garment bag that has the Presidential seal, a large suitcase and a smaller makeup case. For her hair, she brings ordinary rollers and sometimes electric curlers ("or I borrow my daughters'"), and in some situations, a hairpiece or wig. At home, she usually has her hair done once a week and cares for it herself in between.

She no longer packs her husband's bags. "I've been fired!" she laughs. But she does buy him ties occasionally, and he respects her advice on fabrics for his clothes. "I like the feel of fabrics," she says, again underlining her artistic background.

#### Not much comfort

It was inevitable that our talk would turn to the subject of women's rights. Like her husband, who has begun to adjust his politics to the new women's liberation trends, she would not give much comfort to radical feminists, although her views represent a small step in the "women's lib" direction.

"I am for women," she says. "I am for equal rights and equal pay for equal work. But I don't believe in parades and things like that." (I almost mention the suffragettes, who got women the vote with parades, etc., but bite my tongue.)

"I believe the way for women to achieve is to be qualified. There is a great need for women in business and politics, but somehow not enough women want to take the appointments our talent bank has to offer them."

She also feels strongly that there should be a woman on the Supreme Court. "Our population is more than fifty percent women, so why not? A woman will help to balance the Court."

We asked her if she still thought the National Women's Political Caucus sounded "kind of wild," as she had said on a recent TV show. She shrugged. "I don't know much about those groups," she said. "I don't think women gain anything when they use loud techniques. The smarter thing would be to work quietly, to write your Congressman. And above all, to be qualified."

"I've always done the things I wanted to do," she said. "I was a government

economist while my husband was in service, and I competed against and worked with men without difficulty. I was the head of a section, and I never felt discriminated against. Everything has always been open to me. If women want to get ahead, they have only to work hard and be qualified."

We also asked her about her favorite subject, volunteerism, which women's lib groups deem second-class, demeaning service.

which she had just seen, and the whole subject of keeping a youthful look and approach. Obviously, she does not look her age. But did she feel she was a more interesting woman at 60 than she was, say, at 20?

She put the question through that filter in her mind that sorts out possibly embarrassing answers.

"I guess I am," she said, finally. "Youth, after all, is beauty," and just then her daughter Julie came into the

cheese and bell peppers." She likes to drink coffee and has to limit herself to two cups at a sitting.

She doesn't ever have a weight problem. She's five foot five and three-quarters and weighs about 110. "I don't have much of a sweet tooth any more," she says. "There once was a time when I could go through half a box of candy Dick brought home. It used to make him so envious—I wouldn't gain an ounce, and he'd put on weight if he took one or two candies."

For Patricia Nixon, the whole White House experience, despite its tensions, must be a little like a sundae—excitement and prestige topped by self-fulfillment. Being First Lady has already wrought changes in her personality. And they may be just the beginning of a whole new phase of continuing development.

That possibility is something for Democrats, Republicans, American women—and, above all, Richard M. Nixon—to take under serious consideration.

#### THAT SECRET RECIPE

CHINESE WALNUT CHICKEN  
As prepared for the Nixon family by White House chef Henry Haller

- 1½ cups walnut halves
- 1 small head Chinese cabbage or Romaine
- 3 stalks celery
- 1 large onion
- 1 (8½-oz.) can bamboo shoots
- 1 (5-oz.) can water chestnuts
- 2 lbs. chicken breasts
- 6 Tb. peanut oil or salad oil
- 3 Tb. soy sauce
- 2 Tb. cornstarch
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ½ cup chicken broth

Place walnuts in small saucepan. Add cold water to cover. Bring to a boil. Boil 3 minutes and drain.

Wash and drain Chinese cabbage. Cut crosswise into ¼-inch-thick slices to make 2 cups shredded. Wash celery and cut in 1½-inch pieces, then cut in julienne strips to make 1 cup. Cut onion in half lengthwise, then cut paper-thin crosswise to make 1 cup. Drain bamboo shoots and water chestnuts and cut in julienne strips.

Wash and dry chicken breasts. Remove and discard skin and bones. Cut meat in julienne strips.

In large skillet heat 3 tablespoons of the peanut oil until hot (do not let smoke).

Add vegetables and quickly sauté until tender-crisp. Remove from skillet, set aside. Add walnuts to skillet and sauté until browned. Remove and add to vegetables.

In small bowl combine soy sauce, cornstarch, salt and sugar and stir.

Add remaining 3 tablespoons oil to skillet. Dip pieces of chicken in soy sauce mixture, then sauté in hot oil until tender. Add chicken broth. Cook, stirring constantly, until broth comes to a boil. Add sautéed vegetables and walnuts, and heat, stirring, 1 or 2 minutes or until hot. Serve with steamed rice. Serves 6.

END

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Mrs. Nixon disagrees. "Volunteerism comes from the heart," she says. "When you're paid, it's too commercial. You volunteer because you love your country, your people, and because it makes you feel good. So many women can't work full-time; volunteerism gives them a chance to be useful with the hours they can afford. In volunteerism, it is your heart that is speaking, and it's listened to. It's working with people on a one-to-one basis."

One to one. As the afternoon wore on, we seemed to be relating better. I started to wind up the interview by going back to our fashion photographs,

room to prove the point. "But after the bloom wears off, age adds other things. In lots of ways, I feel as I did when I was twenty. In others, I know I've grown."

How does she keep her youthful figure and complexion?

"I've been blessed with good health," she said. She gets by with six or seven hours of sleep a night. She does not drink any alcohol, except for the sips of champagne she takes in toasts. It's not a prejudice; she doesn't like the taste. She eats lots of fresh fruit, takes vitamins occasionally, lunches on something light, such as "cottage